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TODAY

THE CITIZEN.

AN INDEPENDENT
WEEKLY

50c a Year.

VOL. I.

THE CITIZEN

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IDEAS.

Some fellows haven't enough push to master a wheelbarrow.

The secret of success is an ability to mind one's own business.

'Tis better to be washed white than to be whitewashed.

A defective stomach keeps more people awake than a guilty conscience.

It's a good thing for a lot of people that they can't see themselves as others see them.

Commencement Week.
Wednesday, May 30, Memorial Day.

Friday, June 1, Anniversary of Literary Societies.

Saturday, June 2, Academy Exhibition.

Sunday, June 3, Baccalaureate Service, by Rev. W. H. Hubbard, Auburn, N. Y.

Monday, June 4, Address before Literary Societies.

Tuesday, June 5, Concert by Music Department.

Wednesday, June 6, Commencement Day; Graduating Exercises at 9:00 A. M.; Commencement Address, 1:30 P. M. by Rev. WALLACE NUTTING, D. D., of Providence, Rhode Island.

Foreign News.

Kansas has sent 10,000 bushels of corn to India.

The bubonic plague is reported to be declining in India.

The Ashantees with 50,000 warriors are trying to throw off the British yoke.

Both houses of the Swedish parliament have voted large sums in self-defense.

The subscription in England for the famine sufferers of India has reached £200,000.

There is fear of a ministerial crisis in Madrid over the agitation about taxation in Spain.

The correspondents in the Transvaal believe that the war is about over, as the Boers seem discouraged at the recent English successes.

National News.

The Southern Industrial Convention opened at Chattanooga, yesterday.

There is considerable excitement in Cuba, as election draws near, and trouble is feared.

About 3,000 visitors attended the Southern Baptist Convention at Hot Springs, Ark., Sunday.

Populist in convention at Sioux Falls, S. D., May 10, nominated Wm. J. Bryan for the presidency.

Admiral and Mrs. Dewey visited Andrew Jackson's old home, the Hermitage, near Nashville, last Friday.

The May Music festival has been in progress at Louisville this week. The leading singer, Madame Sem Irich, started for Europe immediately after the festival.

Turkey still delays paying the indemnity demanded by the United States. The Turkish minister at Washington says it will be paid, but they want a little time.

Americans in the Philippines are expecting a general uprising of the Filipinos. Senor Benemerito, however, a member of the Filipino cabinet, says he is going to try to bring about peace.

Over 3,000 men employed on the street cars in St. Louis have been out on a strike this week. The cars that have attempted to make their trips have been prevented by mobs and some have been wrecked by means of dynamite.

Kentucky News.

The republican state convention will meet at Louisville tomorrow.

A fire at Grange City, Fleming Co., last Friday resulted in losses to the amount of \$11,000.

The eleventh annual Kentucky state convention of Christian Endeavor met at Versailles, May 11 to 14. Three hundred visitors were in attendance.

Locals and Personals.
I have two or three fresh milk-cows for sale. M. K. PASCH.

John Guy attended legal court in Richmond last week.

The "C" rhetorical class gave its exercises on the summit of West Pinnacle last Thursday.

Lewis L. Davis, of Elwood, Indiana, is visiting his brother and other relatives in our city.

Prof. and Mrs. M. E. Marsh are the happy parents of a new boy who was born last Sunday, May 13th.

A party of students visited the caves at Owsley Fork last Saturday and enjoyed themselves very much.

Mrs. J. Burdette and daughter Miss Laura, and Mrs. May Hudson were shopping in Richmond Friday.

Mrs. R. P. Rawlings, of Sidell, Clay county, passed through town Monday on the way to her father's home in Garrard county.

W. P. Chapman while attempting to murder a rat Monday morning, fell and hurt his knee over again. Rats will be safe around "Chap" hereafter.

A lamp was accidentally knocked from a press in the printing office Monday night which caused a big blaze, but quick work prevented any damage.

Mr. R. L. Trammell, of Mauldin, and Miss Lou Settle, of Berea, were united in marriage last Friday night at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Settle, Rev. Smith officiating.

An unnecessary fire alarm was given Wednesday night of last week, which caused considerable fright and trouble, but all were glad to know that it was only some paper caught fire in a stove in the Baptist church.

Unless a woman eats sufficient nourishing food she can neither gain nor keep a good complexion. Food when digested, is the base of all health, all strength, and all beauty.

Herbines will help digest what you eat and give you the clear, bright, beautiful skin of health. Price 50 and 75 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Examinations for certificates to teach in the county schools will be held, for white teachers, the third Friday and Saturday of May, June, July, and August; for colored teachers, the fourth Friday and Saturday of the same months.

Many a fair young child, whose ball has puzzled the mother, until she has suspected rightly her darling was troubled with worms, now regains the rosy hue of health with a few doses of White's Cream Vermifuge. Price, 25 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Ballard's Snow Liniment cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Sick Headache, sore Throat, Cuts, Sprains, Bruises, Old Sores, Corns, and all pain and inflammation.

The most penetrating liniment in the world. Price, 25 and 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Our most prominent and influential business men met at Hanson Hall last Monday night to unite their efforts to push the proposed pile from Berea to Carterville. Much interest and enthusiasm was shown and our citizens are ready to do their part in this enterprise.

In constipation Herbane affords a natural, healthful remedy, acting promptly. A few small doses will usually be found to so regulate the excretory functions that they are able to operate without any aid whatever. Price 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Miss Mollie Early, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Early, of this city, died last Friday, after a lingering illness.

The funeral occurred Saturday when a short service was conducted by Rev. Lodwick at the village cemetery, where the body was laid to rest.

The family wished to thank the neighbors and citizens who rendered such kind assistance during the illness of their daughter and sister.

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment as a curative and healing application for Piles, Fissures, Blind and bleeding, external or internal, and Itching and Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate and cure infallible. Price, 50 cts. in bottle tube 75 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Devoted to the Interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1900.

50c a Year

NO. 48.

A PROCLAMATION OF

ECONOMY for the Spring and Summer Season in Men's and Boys' Fine Stylish Made

CLOTHING!

We are prepared to clothe you with the lowest priced, rightly made, absolutely all wool Clothing in America. Rightly made, as it is of bonus "Vitalis" Brand the only ready to wear Clothing Tailored on a strictly scientific basis in clean, well ventilated workrooms. Perfect fitting and wear resisting, because the inside, the "Vitalis," the very life of the garment, is carelessness in making, represents the expenditure of time and thought, and is a decided contrast to the tailoring seen in ordinary ready to wear Clothing. The fabrics that we show are the very newest designs that will be seen this season. Many confined exclusively to us, in the face of the above facts. The most extraordinary feature combining our great offer is, that we can and do sell our Clothing at

LESS MONEY

Than elsewhere. How can we afford to sell such high-grade Clothing for less money than elsewhere? Our answer is pure and simple. This is a modern store, constructed strictly on progressive plans, our Clothing is sold on the smallest margin of profit, depending on a large volume of business. The more Clothing we sell, the greater our purchasing power the lower our prices, that's the story in a nutshell.

COVINGTON & MITCHELL

RICHMOND - KENTUCKY



Dennison's Specialties are needed in every place of business and nearly every home.

At the

Printing-office.

Messrs. J. C. Teeters and Samuel Hanson were in Richmond last Thursday in the interest of the new Wallacetown Pike.

T. A. Robinson, our optician, has fixed up and furnished in a comfortable manner the small room in the rear of his store room for his business.

The W. T. C. U. Convention, of the Eighth Kentucky District, which was to be held at Livingston May 16th, to 18th, has been postponed for a short time. Positive date will be announced later.

Field Day.

Every fellow in school, physically able, should train for some of the events for Field Day. He should feel it a duty to his college and himself to make this day a success, for on it depends the future athletic welfare of our institution. Some of you think "I can't win because so and so can do better." Don't let that prevent you from trying. Train a little from now until Field Day and you will be surprised at your improved physical condition and ability to compete in the event you decide to enter. Don't be lazy but get out with the other boys at the training quarters and do a little hard work for half an hour each day. The prize committee have secured prizes well worth competing for.

Beware!

Fill ye up the measure of your iniquity. The measure is not yet full.

There needs be more hunting, more vituperation, more hounding political trap. The young men and boys of the state need to be more deeply steeped if possible, in the belief that government means gathering of men at the State Capitol for the purpose of engaging in carnal, debauchery, riot, bloodshed, and everything that can be thought of to inflame evil passion, and to lie in their minds that election, fraud, and crime are synonymous terms, and that he or they, who can do the cost of it are entitled to the offices. They must be taught to believe that the decision of the courts and juries are nothing if not favorable to their party.

They are being taught there is no truth, nor honor, nor fairness, except in the party to which they belong. They are taught to believe that force must be employed when the will of the people does not agree with the will of the defeated party.

I say, our boys and young men, but how is it with the older boys, the grayheaded voting boys, who have been participating in the election of our state officers? What is the example laid before us by our Solons—our "Hon. So and So" who represents us at the State Capitol in the capacity of "the Legislature?"

The law says, you shall not kill, Do they kill? The law says, you shall not carry concealed deadly weapons. Do they carry them? The law says, you shall not bribe or intimidate voters. Do they bribe or

FOR CASH . . .

Having adopted The CASH System, our prices have been reduced to meet the demands of the CASH trade. You can buy more goods for CASH than on credit.

Call and examine our large stock of Women and Men's fine Footwear and Gent's Furnishings at prices much lower than ever before.

Call and be Convinced.

DOUGLAS, BRIGHT & CO.

207 West Main Street, RICHMOND, KY.

The Berea Monument Co.

The result of good work and reasonable prices is that we now have customers in all parts of the State when you want

Anything in the monument line

Let us know and we will send you designs and prices

Headstones, \$6.00 up to any amount.

... Marble and Granite Monuments ...

At prices to suit the times. Material and work first-class.

JOHN HARWOOD, Prop. 7-5-00 Berea, Ky.

WORMS! VERMIFUCE!

For 20 Years Has Led all Worm Remedies. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

JAMES F. BALLARD, St. Louis.

Sold by S. E. WELCH, Jr. 1-17-01

Prepared by

WHITE'S CREAM

VERMIFUCE

Post in Quantity. Post in Quality.

EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

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THE CITIZEN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

BEREA, KENTUCKY

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has just entered on her 86th year. Since she became the possessor of her fortune, in the year of the queen's accession, the baroness has spent in charity, it has been estimated, £1,000,000, out of the £1,500,000 she then inherited.

By last official census in Holland the number of cattle returned was 1,500,000, of pigs 1,200,000, of sheep, 680,000, and of horses 270,000. The shortage of hog products in Holland offers to the United States a profitable market, the stability of which would seem to be not only well established but on a basis of permanence.

It is said the most valuable checker board in existence is that of the late Prince Bismarck, who was a great lover of the game. The squares of the board are made of silver and gold, to represent the sunn light and dark colored leather. The draughts are of silver and gold, having a diamond or ruby in the center of each.

As measured by C. C. Martin, the engineer of the Brooklyn bridge, the center is 135 feet above mean high water; as measured by the war department for the passage beneath the structure of the training ship Buffalo this distance is 132 feet. Mr. Martin claims that the bridge has been made to sag three feet by the extra weight of the trolley cars.

The British empire now has a population of 400,000,000, with a capacity of almost unlimited increase in the sparsely settled regions of her colonies in the temperate zone. Add the population of the Yang-tse valley of China, now under the British "sphere of influence," and we have an aggregate of near one-half the total population of the globe.

Great Britain is indulging in subdued comment over the fact that no notice has been taken in parliament of the attempted assassination of the prince of Wales in Belgium. In March, 1888, his brother the duke of Edinburgh (now Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg) was wounded by a would-be assassin in Australia, and both houses of parliament adopted congratulatory addresses to the crown on his escape.

Bank notes and general lithographing work has reached a high degree of perfection in intricacy of design. In late years, and while counterfeiting has not been stopped, the difficulties have been greatly increased. A paper of specially prepared fiber and chemically treated substance has been made on which it is impossible to make any change or erasure without detection. Still, even this fails sometimes.

Maj. Gen. Sir Herbert Charles Chermside, who succeeds to Gen. Gatacre's command in South Africa, is a distinguished officer. He was born in 1850, educated at Eton and entered the royal engineer corps in 1868, gradually proceeding to the rank of colonel by 1875. In 1877 he was military attaché with the Turks in the Russo-Turkish war and in the following year he assisted in the delimitation of the Turkish frontier.

John D. Rockefeller said in an address before a New York Bible class the other evening: "The pursuit of riches is not a wrong thing. On the contrary, gold is one of the mightiest agents for the doing of good; and though there are bad rich men just as there are bad poor men, I believe that most wealthy persons look upon their money as a sacred trust which they hold for the good of their fellows."

Samuel Stophlet, of Kansas City, is the originator of a novel idea for the raising of the additional money necessary to rebuild the convention hall. He suggests that the iron of the burned building shall be made into medals bearing a picture of the old hall, with the dates of its completion and destruction on one side and the date of the completion, and dedication of the new structure on the reverse side; these medals to be sold at \$1 each for the fund.

Away with the linen handkerchiefs, says Dr. Pfeiffer, the discoverer of the influenza bacillus. The handkerchief propagates 50 per cent. of all colds and inflammations of the head, throat and nose, he declares. It often causes erysipelas to spread, and that influenza reappears season after season in epidemic form is directly traceable to the use, or abuse, of the linen handkerchief. The sick person, Dr. Pfeiffer says, carries a veritable arsenal of microbes in his pocket. This microbe needs nourishment, darkness, warmth and dampness.

While the diamond mines at Kimberley have been producing about \$15,000,000 worth of gems a year, the industry in Brazil, formerly the most important diamond-producing country in the world, has fallen to a low ebb. It is now carried on only by individuals or small associations working in a crude manner. The yield was never much over \$1,000,000 in any year, and the product is now worth annually less than \$200,000; and yet the quality of the Brazil stones averages higher than that of the Kimberley output.

AN ASTONISHMENT.

There's a mighty curious teller who is livin' out our way.
He never seems as anxious as the rest to have his say.
He listens to an argument as quiet as kin be.
An' never makes an effort to break in an' referee.
An' once upon a time—us folks is talkin' 'bout it yet—
We asked him his opinion so's to help decide the suit.
It was on a general topic that excited high and low,
This teller thought a minute. Then he said he didn't know.

We'd heard a lot of people who had struggled to explain
Each query. It 'ud give you palpitation of the heart
To hear the way they figured. An' their words were of such length
That tryin' to remember them was jest a waste of strength;
But the wises' of them never, with their great display of wit,
Within my recollection made the memorable hit!
That he scored when, after thinkin' very carefully an' slow,
He faced the situation, an' confessed he didn't know.—Washington Star.



CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

Armstrong took the missive held out to him and slowly read it, the general studying his face the while. The letter bore no clew as to the whereabouts of the writer. It read:

"March 1, '98.
"It is six weeks since I repaid all your loving kindness, brought shame and sorrow to you and ruin to myself by deserting from West Point when my commission was but a few short months away. In an hour of intense misery, caused by a girl who had won my soul, and whose words and letters made me believe she would become my wife the month of my graduation, and who, as I now believe, was then engaged to the man she married in January, I drew myself away. My one thought was to find her, and God knows what lay beyond."
"I can never be undone. My career is ended, and I can never look you in the face again. At first I thought I should show the letters, one by one, to the man she married, and ask him what he thought of his wife, but that is too low. I hold them because I have a mail longing to see her again and hear reproach upon her, but if I fall and should I feel it and know that my end is near, I'm going to send them to you to read—to see how I was lured, and then, if you can, to pity and forgive."—ROLLIN."

Armstrong's firm lips twirled under his mustache. The general, with moist eyes, had risen from his chair and mechanically held forth his hand. "Poor lad!" sighed Armstrong. "Of course—you know who the girl was?"

"Oh, of course," said Drayton shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, we'll have to go," and led on to the misty light without.

Over across the way were the headquarters tents of a big parade, hopefully awaiting orders for Manila. To their left, separated by a narrow space, so crowded were the camps, were the quarters of the officers of the —teenth infantry, and even through the veil of mist both soldiers could plainly see along the line. Coming toward the gate was Mr. Prime, escorted by the major. Just behind them followed Mildred and



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the attentive Schuyler. But where was Miss Lawrence? Armstrong had already seen. Lingering, she stood at Billy's tent front, her ear inclined to his protruding pate. He was saying something that took time, and she showed no inclination to hurry him. Miss Prime looked back, then she and Schuyler exchanged significant smiles and glances. There was rather a lingering hand-clasp before Amy started. Even then she looked back at the boy and smiled. "H'm!" said the general, as he gazed, "that youngster wouldn't swap places with any subaltern in camp, even if he is under charge."

There was no answer from the strong soldier standing observant at his elbow. But when the chief would have moved Armstrong detained him. "One more question, general. In case you were away and wanted something you had left in this tent, you would send an aide—or orderly, or—would an order signed by one of your staff be sufficient?"

"H'm, well—yes, I suppose it would," said the general.

CHAPTER XII.

Opinion was divided at Camp Merritt as to whether Billy Gray should or should not stand trial. Confident as were his friends of his innocence of all complicity in Morton's escape, there remained the fact that he had telephoned for a carriage, that a carriage had come and that a carriage with four men, apparently soldiers, had driven rapidly

toward along Point Lobos avenue. It was seen by half a dozen policemen as it shot under the electric light or gas lamp. Then there was the bundle inside his rolled overcoat that Gray had personally handed Morton when a prisoner. Everybody agreed he should have sent it by orderly—everybody, that is, except some scores of young soldiers in the ranks who could see no harm in it having been done that way, especially two "Delta Sigs" in the —teenth. Then there were the long conferences in the dark. What did they mean? All things considered, the older and wiser heads saw that, as the lieutenant could or would make no satisfactory explanation of these to his colonel, he should go to a court—or take the consequences.

"You've made a mess of the thing and an ass of yourself, Billy," was Gordon's comprehensive if not consolatory summary of the matter, "and as Canker has been rapped for one thing or another by camp, division and brigadier commanders one after another, he feels that he's got to prove that he isn't the only fool in the business. You'd better employ good counsel and prepare for a fight."

"Can't afford it," said Billy, hurriedly, "and I'm slowed if I'll ask my dear old dad to come to the rescue. He's had to cough up (shame on your slang, Billy) far too much already. I tell you, Gordon, I'm so fixed that I can't explain these things unless I'm actually brought to trial. It's—it's—well, you have no secret societies at the Point as we do at college, so you can't fathom it. I'm no more afraid of standing trial than I am of Squeers—and be J—d to him!"

"Good lawd, youngster—you, you aren't quite such an ass as to suppose a court is going to regard any schoolboy obligation as paramount to that which your oath of office demands. Look hynh, Billy, your head's just addled; I can't work on you, but somebody must!"

And Gordon went away very low in his mind. He liked that boy. He loved a keen, alert, snappy soldier on drill, and Billy had no superior in the battalion when it came to handling squad or company. The adjutant plainly saw the peril of his position, and further consultation with his brother officers confirmed him in his fears. Schuyler, the brigade commissary, being much with the —teenth—messing with them, in fact, when he was not dancing attendance on Miss Prime—heard all this camp talk and told her. Thus it happened that the very next day when he drove with the cousins (Mr. Prime being the while in conference with the detectives still scouring the city for the young deserter, who the father now felt confident was his missing boy), Miss Lawrence looked the captain full in the face with her clear, searching eyes and plumped at him the point-blank question:

"Capt. Schuyler, do Mr. Gray's brother officers really consider him in danger of dismissal?"

"Miss Lawrence, I grieve to say that not one has any other opinion now."

There could be no doubt of it. Amy Lawrence turned very pale and her beautiful eyes filled.

"It is a shame!" she said, after a moment's struggle to conquer the trembling of her lips. "Has—is there no one—influential enough—or with brains enough (this with returning color) to take up his case and clear him?"

They were whirling through the beautiful drive of the Golden Gate park, passing company after company at drill. Even as Amy spoke Schuyler lifted his cap and Miss Prime bowed and smiled. A group of regimental officers, four in number, stood, apparently supervising the work, and as Miss Lawrence quickly turned to see who they might be, her eyes met those of Col. Armstrong. Five minutes later the carriage returning drew up, as though by some order from its occupants, at that very spot. Armstrong and his adjutant were still there and promptly joined them.

Long weeks afterward that morning lived in Stanley Armstrong's memory. It was one of those rare August days when the wind blew from the southeast, beat back the churning Pacific fogs and let the warm sun pour upon the brilliant verdure of that wonderful park. Earth and air, distant sea and dazzling sky, all seemed glorifying their master. Bright-hued birds dashed through the foliage and thrilled the ear with their warbling. The plash of fountain fell softly on the breeze, mingled with the rustling of the luxuriant growth of leaf and flower close at hand. It was no chance that brought the stalwart soldier instantly to Amy's side. Her gaze was upon him before the carriage stopped, and irresistibly drew him. The man of mature years, the hero of sharp combats and stirring campaigns with a fierce and savage foe, the commander of hundreds of eager and gallant men, obeyed without thought of demur the unspoken summons of a girl yet in her teens. There was a new light in her clear and beautiful eyes, a flush upon her soft and rounded cheek, a little flutter, possibly. In her kind and loyal heart, Henson knew his heart beat high with an emotion he could not subdue, though his hearing was grave and courteous, as ever, but about that sweet and flushing face there shone the halo of a woman's brave determination, and no sooner had he reached the carriage side than, bending toward her, she spoke. Mildred Prime could not repress a little gasp of amazement.

"Col. Armstrong, will you kindly open the carriage door? I want to talk with you a moment."

Without a word he wrenched the handle and threw wide the door. Light as a bird she sprang to the ground. Her fingers just touching the extended hand. Side by side they strolled away across the sunlit lawn, he so strong, virile, erect, she so limber and graceful. Full of her purpose, yet fearful that with delay might come timidity. She looked up at him and said:

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"Col. Armstrong, I have heard only to-day that Mr. Gray is in real serious danger. Will you tell me—the truth?"

Just what Armstrong expected it might be hard to say. The light that had leaped to his eyes faded slowly and his face lost something of the flush of robust health. There was a brief pause before he spoke as though he wished time to weigh his words.

"It's true," he gravely said. "Then in a moment: "Miss Lawrence, will you not take my arm?" And he felt her hand tremble as she placed it there. It was a moment before he began again.

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DR. HARTMAN'S ADVICE

Is Sought by Female Sufferers From Ocean to Ocean.



Mrs. F. W.
Goldsen, Rock
Island, Ill., writes:

"I was afflicted for over six years with embarrassing difficulties and was growing worse all the time. I began taking your Peruna with a marked improvement from the first. Independent of curing him, the Peruna has greatly improved my general health."

"Every bottle of Peruna is worth its weight in gold; especially to me, for I owe my present good health to Peruna."

All over the country there are women who have been invalids for many years, suffering with female derangements which the family doctor cannot cure.

What a boon to such women is Dr. Hartman's free advice! So famous is his skill made him that hardly a hamlet or town in the country but knows his name. He cures cases of thousands, and he offers every woman who will write to him her symptoms and a history of her symptoms, free advice and treatment.

The medicines he prescribes can be obtained at any drug store, and the cost is within the reach of any woman. He describes minutely and carefully just what shall be done and get to make a healthy, robust woman of herself.

The Doctor has written a book especially for this class of women, entitled "Health and Beauty." This book contains many facts of interest to women, and will be sent free to any address by Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

DOESN'T KNOW RIGHT HAND.

Some Women Say This Account
Find It Difficult to Distinguish
Right from Left.

In some of the little things of life women are naturally ignorant, says the Chicago Tribune.

"I saw in a paper last week that a colored woman was excluded from testifying in court because she didn't know her right hand from her left, and was, therefore, esteemed too ignorant for her evidence to be of any value," said one observant Chicago man the other day. "Now, if you know I don't believe one woman out of six knows her right hand from her left without stopping to consider the matter."

"I was standing in the foyer of a theater the other day at a matinee watching the audience, mostly feminine, as it passed in. Well, each maid handed her check to the usher and he called out: 'First door to the right,' or 'Second door to the left,' as the case might be. With hardly an exception those girls turned in the wrong direction; then they'd pause to consider, exclaim: 'We're going the wrong way,' and skurry back again."

"This happened so often that I spoke to the usher about it."

"They always do it," he replied, ironically. "I usually point so they'll know the way, but I've neglected to do that today. They're all right if they stop to think, but they never do think."

"I myself know an intelligent young woman who has to make a little motion as if she were writing with both hands before she can determine the right one, and she declares that all her acquaintances are affected in like manner, so, perhaps, this is a general feminine failing, and the colored witsness was unjustly excluded."

AMERICAN DUEL IN GERMANY.

A Notable Affair of Honor Between Heidelberg Students Is Fatal.

During my residence at Heidelberg a lamentable and terrible affair took place that threw a profound gloom over the university and the entire town, says a writer in Science. Two German students, laying quarreled, decided the earth was not large enough for both of them to live in, and resorted to the diabolical practice called the "Amerikaner duel." In a darkened room the two young men drew lots, having sworn that he who drew the black ball would commit suicide. The unhappy loser went to his room and discharged a bullet into his breast, but missed his heart, and lingered for several days in his deathbed. His parents were summoned by telegraph and besought him on their knees to disclose the name of his antagonist, but he steadfastly refused and died with the secret locked in his breast.

The students not only excused his conduct, but praised his courage, and when his remains were taken to the railway station to be transported to a distant city they accompanied the funeral cortège with torches and music. The students claimed he was not a suicide, for he was killed in an honorable duel, and they maintained that his opponent was not necessary to his death, because he shot himself. I find many arguments with them and never could convince them of their extraordinary perseverance.

God's Goodness.
If we have a feeling of jealousy or envy in our hearts, the surest way to kill it is to be kind to those we are jealous of. —Rev. N. Woodside.

Sets and Thoughts.
Jesus demands that all sets and thoughts shall square with the white lie that He has drawn through his story. —Rev. R. H. Potter.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for May 20, 1900—Parable of the Sower.

[Prepared by H. C. Langford.]

Y1110 L0890N PENT.

Matthew 13:1-8 and 18-23.

1. Then Jesus went out of the house, and sat by the sea side of the lake.

2. And great multitudes were gathered unto Him, so that He went into a ship, and sat, and the whole multitude stood on the shore.

3. And He spoke many things unto them in parables, saying: Behold, a sower went forth to sow:

4. And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the fowls came and devoured them up:

5. Some fell upon stony places, where they sprang up quickly, and withered away,

6. And when the sun was up, they were scorched, and because they had no root, they withered away.

7. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them:

8. But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some hundredfold; some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.

9. Be ye therefore, the parable of the sower.

10. When anyone heareth the Word of the Kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth that which was sown in his heart.

11. But he that receiveth the seed in stony places, is he that heareth the Word, and anon with joy receiveth it;

12. Yet hath he no root in himself, but dureth for a while, then when tribulation or persecution ariseth, because of the Word, by and by he is offended.

13. He also that receiveth seed among the thorns is he that heareth the Word, and the care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the Word, and become evil fruit.

14. But he that receiveth seed into good ground is he that heareth the Word, and understandeth it, which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some an hundredfold, some 60, some 30.

GOLDEN TENT. The seed is the Word of God. —John 3:18.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In the short period that intervenes between the events of last lesson and those of the present lesson Jesus had much with His disciples a tour of teaching.

Shortly after His return to Capernaum Jesus began preaching by the roadside. A great multitude soon gathered, so great that Jesus used a boat in little out from the shore for a pulpit, the ground rising directly from the water formed vast amphitheater, and here the people listened to the words of the Master.

The Sower and the Sowing. Jesus in His explanation does not tell us who the sower was. All who teach Divine truths may be considered as sowers, but probably for this parable the sower was Jesus, who sowed the good seed in the hearts of men by His life on earth and teaching. The sowing was broadcast. Some of the seed fell by the wayside, some upon stony places, some among thorns, and some into good ground. We sometimes hear of people who complain that they have had "no chance in life." This can hardly be true of anyone who has heard the teaching of Jesus. The good seed has fallen in the promising places as well as the unpromising. Two things Jesus evidently meant to teach: (1) That He had sowed the good seed in His possession among all classes and conditions of men; and (2) that those who wished to be sowers of this seed should not choose their field of work, We can tell what is good ground for wheat growing, but the hearts of men are hidden from our sight, and there may be good soil where we least expect it.

The Seed and the Soil. The seed, we are told, was good seed. If it does not grow, then we can safely conclude that the fault is not in the seed, but in the soil. The hearts of men form the soil, and our own heart is a part of that soil. We can change that soil and make it what we will. The doctrine of this parable is not fatalistic. The element of human choice comes in right here. The seed that has been sown was good seed, and it has fallen into our hearts. Nurture of the plant will do little good. We must have depth of soil, and the soil must be free from other useless growths that will crowd out what we wish to have grow.

Good Seed by the Wayside. Jesus refers to those who have deliberately hardened their hearts. The seed cannot abide there, so it soon falls away. Another thought is suggested. The beaten paths of men are not the places for cultivating the good seed. Meditation and prayer can be had in their best only in solitude; therefore we should give ourselves such moments as we can.

Good Seed in Stony Ground. This refers to "shallow" people, who have no depth of character, who have not asidiously cultivated what soil they have, who have no root in life.

Good Seed Among Thorns. This refers to the cultivation rather than the soil. After the seed is sown, care must be taken that the hurtful things do not crowd out that which has sprung up from the good seed. Perhaps we cannot help the weeds starting, but we can pull them out as soon as they begin to show themselves.

Good Seed in Good Ground. How refreshing it is to turn from the barren and uncultivated places to a field that is well taken care of. This field is one that is not the others we have considered are not. It is away from the highway, there is depth of soil, and the cultivation is complete. Even here some of the seed has done better than other, but all has borne fruit.

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A BIT OF SPRING.

The Pensive Poet Said the Cross Is the Root of Flowers.

"Do you wish say spring poetry today?" inquired a long-haired editor, and the bald editor reached for his pen. The editor saw the motion and held up his hand apologetically.

"Wait a minute," said the poet, "I am writing a poem for the 'Sunday Evening Post' and I want to use this line."

"Well, you can't use it," said the editor, "but I can tell you why."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the poet.

"Because the cross is the root of flowers," said the editor.

"But I think of you will think long hard before you say that."

"I do not kill the poor dead," crooned softly the poet.

"I understand you to say you will like some spring poetry to day?" added the editor, with a smile.

"I would like it as well to day as any day," replied the poet.

"But I do not like it any day," said the editor.

"I do not kill the poor dead," crooned softly the poet.

"I understand you to say you will like some spring poetry to day?" added the editor.

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